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HE'D BE UNWELCOMED, ALL RIGHT.

Pres't Wilson's unwillingness to take action along the line of proposing peace which would be unwelcome to any of the belligerents is sensible. This is probably so, and it means no present hope of peace.

Great Britain is not investing, daily, nearly \$20,000,000 in a drawn battle that would leave German influence extending down through Austria, the Balkans and Turkey, and always threatening British interests in the Mediterranean, India, Egypt and Africa. Great Britain is investing her all in confining Germany to Germany. It is a labor that she has long deemed necessary and any proposition that she leave the task unfinished, would surely be unwelcome.

France is fighting for her existence. Peace now would be suicidal to her. She cannot reasonably hope to ever again have as allies Great Britain, Russia and Italy.

Russia, it is announced on reliable authority, is beginning to nationally organize, industrially and economically, for the long war. If this is so, if the Russian peoples are organizing as the Germans and French long ago organized, peace proposals would not only be unwelcome but they would be scorned unless based on terms of great gains for Russia.

There is still another important party to whom peace proposals would be unwelcome—Japan. A beautiful licking is due Japan at the hands of Germany, as Germany sees it. Japan is making money by furnishing war munitions. By so much as the great powers of Europe cripple each other, by that much does Japan's national strength rise.

In this horrible war, the time for peace proposals will come only when the cause of one side or the other is hopeless. Such is not the present status.

Pres't Wilson's original offer of his good offices as mediator still stands. This is as far as he can go. All the wise men who ever lived, combined, couldn't at this time concoct terms of peace that would be welcome to any considerable number of the belligerents.

THE "OLD FAMILIES."

The New York World rises to protest against the prevalent "lamentation over the extinction of the old American families."

The old families, the World maintains, have always had a tendency to die out. There has never been a country nor an age in which the celebrated families have not been disappearing. In England, where the aristocracy is supposed to be as ancient and durable as any in the world, great numbers of once famous families have become utterly extinct. Those which persist have kept their lines unbroken only by continual marriages with more plebeian stock. There is nowhere an aristocracy that has kept its blue blood "pure" for centuries.

In America, as in Europe, great men have left few lineal descendants. In Revolutionary days, the Tories, who were the aristocrats of that time, were perishing over the threatened extinction of their class. The Revolutionary families now regarded as old were mostly new then. Now they, too, are at the vanishing point. There are few cases where the great Revolutionary names survive through an unbroken line of descent. And even in those cases, the strain of "blue blood" is so modified by the admixture of vulgar red blood that little remains but the name and tradition.

Old families are always disappearing, and new families of vigor and worth are always arising to become "old" in their turn and disappear, giving place to other aristocrats according to the shifting but systematic work of nature.

We have no fear that there will not always be plenty of "fine old American families." They will continue to come and go, some of them lasting longer than others, but all finally giving place to fine new American families. Whatever may be said of particular families, the parent stock is not exhausted, nor is it ever likely to be.

HATED BY THE WORLD.

The words spoken by Joseph H. Choate before the Massachusetts branch of the National Security league bring somewhat of a shock—"The United States is one of the most hated nations in the world." The speaker seemed to think that by the close of the war we should be absolutely the most generally hated of all nations.

The average American is likely to scratch his head in perplexity, wondering why, in heaven's name, the world should hate us.

Are we not peaceful, in policy and deed? Don't we mind our own business? Don't we fulfill our international obligations? Haven't we been generous with our sympathy toward most of the belligerents, and generous

with our money toward all of them? Haven't we labored to maintain the sanctity of international law and safeguard the rights of all, whether belligerents or neutrals?

We can see that it's natural for belligerents to be irritated by our neutrality. It's natural for a nation, in the heat of the conflict, to assume that anybody who is not with it is against it. It is natural for both sides to resent criticism, to see us in the wrong perspective, and to dislike the very coolness that enables us to steer an even course.

But why should the neutrals hate us? Perhaps, after all, our greatest offenses are these:

We are prosperous, and therefore a cause of envy.

We are conscientious and fair, and therefore an offense to every nation which has a bad conscience or is blinded by passion.

And yet, we can't believe that at the close of the war we shall be entirely without friends among the nations. Surely by that time the nations will understand better.

RAILROAD MORTGAGES.

In reorganizing the bankrupt St. Louis and San Francisco railroad, the bonded indebtedness is to be greatly decreased and the capital stock increased. The need of such a change is seen in the fact that in the reckless years when this line was used primarily for the financial operations, it accumulated a bonded debt of about \$43,000 a mile, with a capitalization of only \$10,000 a mile. The road was undoubtedly worth more than \$10,000 a mile, but the fact of its financial collapse would in itself be proof enough that there was no property basis justifying the enormous sums borrowed on it.

If a man owns a house and lot with a stated valuation of \$10,000, he finds considerable difficulty in mortgaging it for \$43,000. Yet in the halcyon days of railroad financing such a fact seems to have been taken as a matter of course. It was similar operations that broke the back of the New Haven.

The extent to which the stockholders of such railroads have been "bled"—even aside from the question of their money being wasted in unwise investments and unskillful operation—is seen in the fact that in twelve years the San Francisco railroad paid more than \$30,000,000 in bankers' charges connected with bond and note transactions. No wonder it was called a "bankers' railroad."

Today the principle is accepted that railroads are built and run for transportation purposes rather than banking purposes. And in proportion as that principle is lived up to, the railroads are making money.

THERE'S POETRY AND POETRY.

In Mississippi a man murdered another in, as witnesses declared, cold blood. He was in jail awaiting trial. A 16-year-old school girl wrote a poem which a local newspaper published. It contained this prayer in one stanza:

"And he who severed the golden chain,
 Who wrapped a home in mourning,
 May God will that he know the pain,
 Of summons without warning."

The poem caught the eye, held the fancy. It was read on the street corners, in the homes and even in places of business, by individuals, by knots of low-voiced men. Forty-eight hours after the poem appeared in print, the jail was stormed and the murderer lynched. The appeal had proved irresistible, the prayer had been answered.

We pass over the ethics of it. What fixes the interest is the peculiar appeal of poetry to the emotions. Quite likely the same words in prose would have attracted comparatively little attention. The country well remembers the jingle, published in a New York paper at the time of the Goebel trial, which many claimed was directly responsible for the assassination of Pres't McKinley. The potency of rhyme had penetrated the crazed mind of an assassin.

In both these cases it was an influence for evil. Fortunately, such cases are rare, for poetry should inspire to nobler deeds and lives.

ANYBODY GOT A DARK HORSE?

William Howard Taft has openly endorsed the candidacy of Elihu Root for the republican presidential nomination in 1916.

The entry list of "possibilities" that have been mentioned from time to time has boiled down to a very few, with prospects that Root of New York and Burton of Ohio will be the real contenders. Neither of these, at this time, being hailed with anything like unanimous acclaim by the tried and faithful. There is a large and beautiful opportunity for a horse of dark color to race away with the nomination.

Perhaps Theodore Roosevelt is be-

ing groomed for the event.—Witness Medill McCormick's visit to Oyster Bay.

In the event circumstances should arise precluding the possibility of Mr. Root's nomination, we would not be at all surprised were Taft to reconsider his statement that he is out of politics and consent to "sacrifice" himself for the good of the G. O. P. Ex-Pres't Taft wields more political influence today than any one man in the republican party, if we read the signs of the times aright, which, after all, is not so much, for the republican party is deplorably shy of real leaders just at present.

AND SHE ONCE MITTENED US!

We knew it would come, because she's a woman. Now that we've proposed, been accepted, bought orchids daily and are going to be married next month, Miss Canada is trying to flirt with us, sorry that she gave us the frozen mitten that time we called on her full of reciprocity.

She is going to ask her guardians to abolish the import duty on United States wheat. Not long ago, she looked on pauper United States wheat with scorn and contempt, but war needs have caused a beautiful change in her sentiments. It's all right, young lady! Our honeymoon is going to be so altogether glorious that we'll take anything in the way of reciprocity that's offered, especially if we get a war price for our wheat.

NOT SICK.

The ocean liner was rolling like a chip, but as usual in such instances one passenger was aggressively, disgustingly healthy.

"Sick, eh?" he remarked to a pale-green person who was leaning on the rail.

The pale-green person regarded the healthy one with all the scorn he could muster. "Sick nothing!" he snorted weakly. "I'm just hanging over the front of the boat to see how the captain cranks it!"—Puck.

HEAT FOR THE CHILLY DAYS.

"Perdual," said the wife of a would-be motion picture actor, "I wish you'd quit hanging around that studio and go back to your job. The landlord was here today."

"What did he want?"

"His rent. Said he'd make it hot for us if we didn't pay up."

"Tell him to go ahead. That's more than the janitor has ever done."—Film Fun.

MAYBE YOSHIIITO HAS SOME.

Japs in Honolulu announce that it is the "divine influence" of their emperor that enables them to peacefully accumulate wealth in American territory.

And if any monarch on earth is just now showing possession of divine influence, we guess the Jap one is. The divinity of the others is pretty well run down at the heels.

IN DOUBT.

"John, dear," said the blushing maid, after she had promised to be his, "do you love me for myself alone or do you merely want to marry me to escape the bachelor tax?"—New York World.

The boom in our Latin-American commerce which was prophesied when the war started is at last under way. Government reports show that in the month of September our trade with the South American countries was doubled in comparison with the same month's business last year. From now on it should continue growing steadily, as the commercial development work done by our exporting firms in the past year begins to make itself felt.

The United States Steel corporation had on its books at the end of Oct. 6, one hundred sixty-five tons of unfiled orders, representing a gain of \$18,000 tons for the month. When the orders run ahead of the productive capacity to the extent of nearly a million tons a month, at a time when every furnace and mill is working to the limit, it's obvious to a blind man that the country has waked up industrially.

The super-dreadnaught Nevada, in her trial run in Massachusetts bay, exceeded the government's contract requirements by .04 of a knot per hour. We are curious to know what would have been done with the Nevada if her engines had missed a stroke or two and the speed requirement had not been met.

Mrs. Gailther Drewry, age thirty, has presented her husband with nine children in eighteen months, five at one time and four at another. Two were girls who died, the remaining seven are lusty-lunged healthy boys. And this at Lexington, Ky. May each one become a colonel.

Spring Hills, Ohio, held an election on Nov. 2. There are thirty voters in the village and there were five candidates for mayor. Each received one vote. The folks strongly suspect that each candidate voted for himself and the matter will be settled by drawing straws.

Gov. Willis and Myron Herrick having ducked, Burton appears to be the legitimate favorite son of Ohio. Burton was once endorsed by Roosevelt for mayor of Cleveland, but maybe that won't kill him off.

And say! After the old party roosters get done crowing at each other over those eastern elections, the figures show a 25 per cent gain in the socialist vote!

"As to preparedness," says Taft, "I'm somewhere between Bryan and Roosevelt." Shove over a bit, Bill! We're trying to get in there, too.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

THIS Good Will week of ours is in its second year, which means that it was, at least, fairly successful, and that the idea behind it has become fairly well established. It represents in a way the fine-tooth comb of civic righteousness and philanthropy, since it is designed to reach the most secluded individual who may wish to, or should, be a factor in the relief of distress.

The principle upon which the campaign of the week operates is mutualism; that is to say, we of the community are mutually dependent, interdependent, as it were, and we have a common interest, a common end and a common responsibility.

If there are needy people in South Bend they are not so from choice. They are victims of circumstances, and these circumstances must arise largely from our faulty social, commercial and industrial systems. What we are mutually responsible for we should mutually mend.

WE who are not victims of these faulty systems this year, may be next year. The moral is obvious.

Hare vs. Tortoise Affirmed.

(The Docket.)
 The attention of the profession is called to the recent case of Crawl v. Dancer, 180 Mich. 607, 147 N. W. 495, which is of interest, in that it confirms the ancient case of Hare v. Tortoise, reported by Aesop. Crawl came out ahead.

C. C. Jencks.

AS Mr. Churchill continues to talk the war news from London grows more interesting. Inside news is a novelty under the British system of censorship, and it may become neces-

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

THE PROBLEM OF CHEAP RENTS.

(Winona, Minn., Republic-Herald.)
 The man who reads many newspapers finds frequent items headed "Houses Scarce" or "More Tenements Needed." There are many towns where the lack of houses for working people is a real problem. It often checks town growth.

This has resulted from increased building costs. Materials cost 25 to 50 per cent more than 10 years ago. Carpenters, masons, plumbers, and painters are better paid. Capitalists say there is no profit in putting up houses for rent.

Of course there are often old houses lacking modern conveniences that can be had cheaply enough. But it is constantly getting harder to rent places without getting modern plumbing and the like. People will not go into dirty and insanitary neighborhoods.

Some social workers have become convinced that in towns of much size the working people must expect to live in blocks of houses all joined together. This gives light only at front and back. It seems to take away from the homelike character of a neighborhood and the individual home is more apt to develop a feeling of ownership and pride in the appearance of it.

As building costs increase, the general result is that people live in smaller space, or go out farther into the outskirts. The working man of today commonly lives in much smaller quarters than were occupied by his father in the old farm. In large cities people manage to adjust themselves to a cramped tenement apartment house life. There is commonly a total lack of the room required to swing the traditional cat.

If people will learn to live with less furniture, and pursue the simple life, they can be happy in small quarters. Much can be said for the old fashioned "love in a cottage" philosophy, only it seems to be only one floor in the cottage for a good many. But it is largely a matter of style and example. One does not feel so cramped, if all the neighbors and one's friends live the same way. The hard working have more room than the fashionable people in moderate sized places may of New York and Chicago.

LIFE'S ESSENTIAL.

(Racine, Wis., Call.)
 It has been well said, over and over, that love is the greatest thing in the world—or in heaven or in hell. As one writer puts it, "Therefore come what may, hold fast to love. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it. We win by tenderness; we conquer by forgiveness."

We don't practice that sort of faith very much; when men rend our hearts we, in turn, seek to rend theirs. If we are hurt, we desire to hurt him who injures us. That is the old law of the jungle. We did it that when our flame-eyed dogs bayed the primal moon—and we do it still.

But the new way is the better way. To win by tenderness and conquer by forgiveness is to walk in the ways of that One who promulgated the faith of love. If we could, or rather, if we would, do that, happiness would be universal. But apparently, we prefer bitterness of spirit, corroding misery, the hateful satisfaction of revenge. We are very wrong, very blind. With happiness pleading with us each day we turn our back and refuse her gentle offices. We suffer, but we hug our sufferings close and will not let them go. And the pity of it all is that we know and realize what we are doing.

NOW LET US ATTEND TO OUR OWN BUSINESS.

(Knoxville, Tenn., Journal and Tribune.)
 All along, during the first year of the war, many Americans were trembling in their boots lest this country in some way or other might get mixed up in it. Such fears reached their highest limit last May, when the Lusitania was blown up with a large loss of human life, including many Americans. It did look as if the employment of German submarines might get us into trouble with the Germans.

There were other happenings of a similar character that threatened serious complications. But the correspondence between the two countries over the destruction of the liner Arabic has reached a satisfactory conclusion and there is no reason to fear serious trouble between Germany and the United States.

To the German ambassador, Count

sary to draw the blue pencil on Winston.

WE are also getting inside stuff on this side of the Atlantic, where there is no censorship, but it had to blow out before we got it.

A Fiend for Detail.

(Hadley, Idaho, Times.)
 The five victims of the tragedy of last Friday night at Carey were buried here yesterday afternoon from the beautiful new church just completed at a cost of \$11,500.

THE body of Booker T. Washington will be buried today, but we don't imagine much pertaining to the father of the new era for the black man will go with it. What the second Washington did was so well done that the Negro will find it as permanent as the nation found the work of the father of his country.

Well, for Example, Your Eyeglasses.

(Detroit News.)
 What other article is so much of a necessity and at the same time so much of a nuisance as an umbrella?

AS we surmised, the president would not stand for the firing of Burdett, at least on the ground of criticizing him for beginning to notice too quick. The president recognizes the rights and values of public opinion, and that it is based on individual impressions. No successful means of suppressing gossip has yet been devised, nor will there be as long as free speech remains in the constitution and by-laws of these good old U. S.

Said the ashman to the tleman, "I've got your job, you see."
 "But what," rejoined the coalman, "Would YOU do without ME?"
 C. N. F.

They're Building A Modern Flat In the Inwood Building

The carpenters are busy as can be building this flat—which is to be very modern, a model flat in fact.

And, it has to be finished—furniture installed—before Nov. 29th, for on that day Miss South Bend arrives.

On that day the Electric Show begins and runs through the week—the modern flat is but one of the many attractions, all of them electrical. Everything electrical will be on display—and you'll probably be surprised at the multitude of electrical machines and devices.

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